

attention to the details of their racial
stables.

sarily entrusted to a trainer to be prepared for the races, and that preparation is not infrequently given at a court many hundred miles away from the home.

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THE TYPES OF TURFMAN

HIDE THEIR EMOTIONS, OTHERS DON'T.

Richard Craker, seemingly unmoved at the Result of a Race Meeting by James H. Keene and Other Well-Known Men Joyner's Rebel Yell.

"The fellow who turns himself loose when his nerves are at a razor edge and betweeves himself by cursing roundly or howling until his throat cracks lives longer than the chap who bottles up his feelings and conveys the impression that he has ice water in his veins," remarked the old time racing man a few days ago in conversation with half a dozen friends who were willing to believe any name was true and they were all agreed—prominent part in the speculation which was always a feature of every day's racing at any of the big turf resorts in courses.

"There were three men, now dead, who held the palm," he went on, "for masking their emotions." They were M. F. Dwyer, George E. Smith (Pittsburg Phil) and Senator P. H. McGarren. It took a thoroughly close observer to tell whether any one of this trio won or lost. They were high players and staked dirty what could be considered snuff fortunes by some men accustomed to the horse world. There was general a few years ago, and one who has been known to win or lose upward of \$100,000 in a single day.

Bettors of the non-repressive type who have been conspicuous are John A. Gates, Jim Brady, D. C. Johnson and John A. Drake, any one of whom could feel the tones of a collapse when it came to rooting a winner home. When McGarren, Dwyer or Smith lost a good wager it was perhaps a trifle longer in taking its field glasses down after viewing a finish and there was a tightening of the muscles in the jaws as though control had just been restored to the body and mind. But with the other fellows there was no mistaking how they had fared; they generally urged the jockey or the horse by name to come on, and when they lost their red faces were eloquent indexes of how their money had been taken.

John E. McDonald, who was killed in England a few years ago, was a heavy player who exploded in a red hot finish, when Jimmy Owens or Jimmy Vana was riding home particularly good thing in a scuffle. The phase is remembered by his friends, Senator Craker, who was quite a stiff runner a few years ago, is a noisy man in the finish and so is Big Tim Sullivan, who has long had the reputation of being particularly unfortunate man on a race-track, whether it is because of the multiplicity of tips banded him or of his genius for betting on the wrong horse. Some men have this faculty, and whenever Tim put his money on a horse and something won that he had a tip on or that he fancied himself, those in his vicinity knew all about it.

I had a splendid opportunity on one occasion to compare the temperaments of two of the most prominent men in the turf, James R. Keene and Richard Croker. It was in the early days of the Terminal Steeplechase turn-out when he had gone to the game under the watchful eye of Jock Dwyer.

At that time Mr. Keene was almost constant in his friendship, and companionship with Philip J. Dowd as Mr. Croker was with the younger of the famous turfmen, and at Gravesend especially they were much seen about the boards and under the tent-roofs. You will remember that Mr. Keene had twenty steeple horses in Dublin and Hampshire while Mr. Croker had a sturdy champion in Dobbins. Dobbins and Downing won a sensational dead heat at Slough and lay in a match for \$10,000 a side when they were two-year-olds and the war-torn ones resumed a year later.

Domingo was not as good at three as he had been at two, and Hampshire was undoubtedly a much better colt than the one who had started for the first time on a number of occasions to oppose Dobbins, some of the most valuable of the string stakes for three-year-olds. I think it was very near the stake-off when the two entered the gate and stood at the right some twenty-five or thirty feet from Mr. Croker.

When Sir John Rowe dropped the flag Dobbins and Hampshire jumped away without putting to choice between them, and the latter got the start. He led off and the dust rose in little clouds of earth from their flying hoofs. The others in the field were quickly outstripped.

"Neither could shake off the other and neither could the punishment was merciless the fear of magnificent thoroughbreds ran through the air like a wind," said my wife Mr. Keene could stand the strain a longer and jumping up and down pointed in a frenzy. Hampshire's head was thrown back and he jerked off the ground, his eye dashed past the hurdles, Hampshire's nose made a couple of inches in front of Dobbins'.

It was raining hard, but rain entirely unobserved by either of the runners. His massive jaw were aggressively lowered, his glances of the finishing line was passed, the thick mud slipped at his feet, both men through.

"I wasn't in England when Mr. Croker won the Derby, but I wish him some day would make a crack to let his eyes show a trace of considerable emotion on that occasion. It is only natural that he should be under the circumstances. For the sake of the prize for which any turfman strives and to win it with a horse of your own breeding intensifies the pleasure."

I don't think Mr. Croker was extremely happy when he won the Derby in this country. He went into the turf as recreation than anything else, being a lover of relaxation from political cares, and he probably given him more pleasure than anything else this past fifteen years, though he is fond of golf and fishing and driving a motor car—a lot of a lot of things he has enjoyed. Mr. Keene and Mike Meyer is a heavy watter in day in

the old days, a quarter of a century or
more ago, when the late Col. Frank M.

ngens were racing," spoke up a veteran
rleman. "You talk about your rooters
the present day. Maryland and Vir-
go come down there, they joined them, and

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than hurt, and we all then and there resolved never to shoot unless we were

It was a most unexpected spot to encounter any person, as the place was upward of half a mile from the highway.

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